

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXI.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1867.

NO. 48.

POETRY.

The Value of a Little.

Do thy little, do thy little;
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim;
Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be
Dreadfulness and draggery;
They whom Christ apostles made,
Gathered fragments when he bade.

Do thy little; never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though the men who ought to smile,
Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little; never fear
While thy Savior standeth near;
Let the world its javelins throw,
On thy way unaltered go.

Do thy little; God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring,
God employeth everything.

Do thy little, and when thou
Peelst on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death—

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little mysteries achieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly won,
Little sighs with patience borne—

These shall crown the pilgrim's head,
Holy light upon thee shed,
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

MISCELLANY.

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

OR,

OVER-SHOOTING THE MARK.

BY FRED HUNTER.

A great many years since, when bright-eyed and fair-haired lasses were not so plenty in New England as they now are, there dwelt in the town of P—, a pretty village, distant, then, some five and twenty miles from "Market town," a peculiarly comely and graceful maiden, who had a peculiarly ugly and cross-grained but a wealthy old father.

Minnie was Danforth's only child; and reports said truly that she would be his sole legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth full ten thousand dollars; at that period, a very handsome fortune, to be sure.

The sparkling eyes and winning manners of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the finer feelings of the whole male portion of the village, and her suitors were numerous; but her father was particular, and none succeeded in making headway with him or her.

In the meantime, Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret! Who would have supposed for one moment that such a fellow would dare to look upon beauty and comparative refinement? His name was Walker, or, as he was generally called, "Joe"—Joe Walker; and he was simply a farmer, employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe with the management of his place for two or three years.

But a very excellent farmer, and a right good manager, was this plain, unassuming but good-looking Joe Walker. He was young, too, only twenty-three; and he actually fell in love with the beautiful, pleasant, joyous Minnie Danforth, his old employer's only daughter. But the strongest part of the occurrence was, that Minnie returned his love earnestly, truly, and frankly; and promised to wed him at the favorable moment.

Things went on merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them, which excited his envy and suspicions. Very soon afterwards, Joe learned the old man's mind, indirectly, in regard to his future disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw that his case was a hopeless one, unless he resorted to stratagem; and so he set his wit at once to work.

By agreement, an apparently settled coldness and distance was observed by the lovers towards each other for five or six months; and the father saw (as he believed), with satisfaction, that his previous suspicions and fears had been all premature. Then, by agreement also between them, Joe absented himself from the house at evening; and night after night for full three months longer, did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return home only at late bed-time. This was unusual and old Danforth determined to know the cause of it.

Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, who resided less than three miles distant; but, after a faithful attachment between them for several months, the old man had utterly refused to entertain his application for the young girl's hand.

This was capital! Just what old Danforth most desired. This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child; and he would help Joe to get married and thus stop all further suspicions or trouble at home. So he said: "Well, Joe, is she a bonny lass?"

"Yes—yes," said Joe. "That is other folks say so. I'm not much of a judge myself."

"And you like her?"

"Yes, sir—yes," said Joe.

"Then, marry her," said old Danforth. "But I can't—the father objects—"

"Pooh!" continued Danforth, "let him do so; what need you care? Run away with her."

"Elope!"

"Yes!" Off with you at once! If the gal will join—all right. Marry her, bring

A Slave's Christmas.

I was born and bred a slave. My parents worked on an estate in Virginia, and as soon as ever I was able to hold a horse in my hand I was sent into the cotton field. My master was a kind one for a slaveholder—in fact, he was so good to his people that his neighbors disliked him. It was said that on his property no slave had ever been sold or had run away, and that we were the best fed and best cared for slaves on any of the plantations of the state. He never worked us too hard, and whenever he required any extra labor to be performed, or wanted us to continue in the fields after the regular hours, he invariably paid us something for our work. He did not openly object to our learning to read, for although it was strictly forbidden by the laws of the state to teach us either to read or write, there were several hands on the farm who could do both; and he knew it and winked at it. On Sunday he would have us all attend church.

The person was a good old gentleman who used to preach so simply that the most ignorant amongst us could understand him, and when I used to sit in our part of the sacred edifice, and look at the finely dressed ladies and gentlemen who had the pews for their devotion, I used to wonder if they liked the old man who spoke so kindly, so hopefully to us who had black skins.

It was our minister speaking to us one day of the pleasure of reading in the good book, and understanding scripture history that first made me desire to learn to read. An old man, whom we used to call Father White, taught me my letters. There was no candle allowed as in our cabin, and often during a long winter's evening have I sat trying to spell long words by the flickering light of a log fire.

I had been contented with my lot until I was taught to read; but then, when I learnt about people who were their own masters, who could go where they pleased, and do what they liked, I sighed for the day when I could see something more of the beautiful earth that the Almighty had created for all men. The colder I grew the stronger did this idea become—my work grew wearisome, my task was like some painful; their pitiful jokes, their loose conduct, their immoral habits, all became repulsive to me. I became melancholy, neglected my duties, and soon obtained the reputation of being an idle, morose slave. The overseer marked me, and more than once I came in for a severe punishment.

On my twenty-first birthday I was ordered to be flogged for some trifling neglect of duty; the punishment was about to be carried out when my master interfered, and I was let off with a warning for the future. Old Father White said that I was pardoned because troublesome times were coming on, for just then we first heard of the stir there was in the northern states, and that there was a prospect of war breaking out. Most of the hands said we should win and that the northern gentlemen wanted to take us off the plantation and send us far away across the waters on purpose to ruin the planters. But Father White said: no; they would make us free and let us go wherever we pleased; and that if Mr. Lincoln was president he would send soldiers down into Virginia to make us free. I thought Father White was right not because I knew anything at all about the quarrel, for we never saw a newspaper, but because I wanted to be free, and the hope that dwelt within me aided my convictions.

No sooner did the war really break out than Mr. Lovell, my master, became quite a different man. The overseer, too, became twice as strict. At night we were closely watched, and in the daytime we were kept very hard at work. If any irregularity did occur, or if we did not comply so readily as we ought to do, the overseer always punished us severely. Once he flogged me because I did not say "Sir" to him when he spoke to me, and on another occasion he whipped my sister because he heard her say she would like to be free.

On the 20th of December, 1861, I was sitting in the evening talking to Father White about a great battle that had been fought, and wondering if ever the time would come when we should see the northern soldiers amongst us, when Mr. Williams, the overseer, came up and said that I was a discontented dog, and that he would remember me in the morning. He kept his word, for before breakfast the next morning he had me down at the triangle, and gave me twenty-five lashes. Father White, he said, was too old for him to flog, so he kept him in the "hole," a prison house, and when I had received my punishment I was put in there with him. Both of us were fed on nothing but corn meal and water.

The next day I asked to be let out, when Williams told me again that I was a dog who deserved hanging, and struck me over the head with his walking-stick. My blood was roused, and hardly knowing what I was doing I sprang on him and felled him to the ground. I dare say I should have killed him had not our young master come to his assistance, when I was pushed back again into my prison-house.

As soon as I had cooled down a little I knew that I was in a terrible position, and the next day should be doubly punished for my crime. My companion urged me to escape; better run the risk of the bloodhounds or the shots of the Confederate soldiers than remain and suffer. It did not require much to tempt me. What was death to me, a slave? A momentary dream from which I should wake to an endless and glorious liberty; a little darkness and then eternal light.

But if I stopped there—ah! I shuddered to think. No, I'd go; the prison bars were all that intervened between me and liberty, and they should fall before my strength.

Old Father White prayed for me, and as he knelt down on the wooden floor of our prison, and offered up his petition to the great Creator to aid me in my enterprise, and to protect me on my way, a holy something seemed to creep over me—a still, quiet feeling, which made me think that there was a great Power above who would even condescend to guard over and protect the poor slave.

It was not a very difficult thing for me to remove two of the iron bars, and when that was done my old friend prayed again. The tears showered down his cheeks. "Remember," he said, when I had at length got through the opening in the window, "that it is now hundreds of years ago since the star appeared to the shepherds. Look at them to night, Jim. The North Star—it was made for the slave."

I crept along very softly over the fields of the plantation, and then took the main road to the great river; but I dare not travel far on it, as orders had been given to capture any colored man found off his owner's property. So I kept along as near as I could to the roadside, in the hope of escaping observation. The night was yet young, and the air was fresh and frosty, so I made good way.

But when I first began to feel weary I suddenly thought of my poor old friend. Would they punish him—beat him, perhaps kill him for being a party to my escape? I could not bear the idea. For some time I stood irresolute whether to return or not. It would be better, I thought, to go back—to give myself up and confess all—rather than one hair of his head should be injured. Just then I looked up and saw the North Star. It was the slave's star—the star that pointed to freedom. Most I give it up! Must I return now that my dream was almost realized—now that the long year of my soul was almost fulfilled? Poor Father White! good old man—friend of my boyhood—my kind instructor! Yes, I would abandon all; and back, back to slavery.

But, hark! what was that? A noise behind! Ah! horses' feet. Yes, and the baying of bloodhounds. No stopping now. On, on; my pursuers are behind—the hounds are on my track. Oh, star! star! shine—shine in thy brilliant glory. Light the hunted slave on his path—lead him where Lincoln's soldiers stand beneath the banner of liberty, or to death! On I sprang through the bush. The branches crackled and bent as I flew through them; the prickly bushes tore and lacerated my flesh, but I did not feel the wounds.

Closer they came behind, the baying of the savage brutes grew more distinct, and the certainty of being torn to death by them gradually crept over me. I felt faint and sick, my limbs grew weak, and dizziness was stealing over my brain. Then I saw before me a creek. Into I plunged, breaking in doing so a thin coating of ice, with which I had to contend all the way across. It cut my arms and legs painfully, but it was no time to mind that.

I gained the other side and ran down the water side for a mile or more, just keeping my feet in the stream on purpose to fling the dogs off the scent; and then took to the woods again. My pursuers I could hear, and also the yelping of the dogs, now at fault on the river side. Faint and weary though I was, as the day broke I remembered as the North Star faded from my sight, that one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two years before the good Saviour was born; and I then felt very calm, for He who loved men so much that He died for him was, perhaps at that very moment giving down from heaven with pity, and shielding with His omnipotent arm the poor hunted slave.

The sun shone out very warm and light as I continued my onward way. The hounds I had not heard for some hours, and I was thinking that probably the pursuit had been given up, when a fresh difficulty presented itself—aloud were the tocs of the Confederate army. It would require a judgment to escape observation from any of the soldiers that might be rambling about. So I took a wide circuit, and at length made my way forward again, when I thought that I had left them a long way on the right; but I had hardly done so ere I heard the dogs again. The Potomac could be far off, and once on the other side I was free.

On I pushed, and in an hour's time saw the great stream, but the dogs were close on my track. It was a race for life. Nearer they came. Then I heard the horses again, and the shouts of my pursuers. They saw me, and with wild excitement on their faces, a hundred yards, and then the river. I looked round, and there was a great dog closed in by my rear. My knife was out in a moment, and before he could make his spring I buried it in his chest. A wild shout rose from behind, answered by one from the opposite shore. I glanced to the front, and there stood some federal soldiers shouting to me to swim.

I gave one wild bound—the water closed over me, and when I rose to the surface I could hear the bullets of my baffled pursuers dropping in the water around me. Then I heard a noise as though some one was swimming behind me, and discovered that it was one of the hounds only a few feet away, and that he would be up with me in a second gnawing my flesh, and without the means of defense.

Ah, how I swam! There was but three hundred yards more, and then I should be on land. "Give me strength! Give me strength!" I cried. Nearer came the brute. I could feel his nose rubbing my hip; there was cry of horror from the

bank. Then I heard a single rifle shot—a savage howl—then I saw blood on the water, and the carcass of the dog floating down with the tide. I do not remember any more except that when I came to my senses I was lying upon the ground, and some soldiers were standing about me.

"God bless you and Master Lincoln!" I said. "What can I do to thank you?"

"Fight, nigger," said an officer who was there. "Fight the men who stand between your people and liberty."

No I did. That Christmas Day I partook of federal rations. On many a hard-fought field I have stood by the stars and stripes, and endeavored by devotion to the Union to show how thankful the poor slave was to the men who stood by good Abraham Lincoln in his successful attempts to emancipate my race.

CAUGHT A TARTAN.—A few years ago, we were just about leaving New York for Boston, by one of the Fall River boats, and were seated with a few friends upon the promenade deck of the steamer, looking down the pier, watching the last arrivals and preparations for departure, when just as the last bell was ringing, a carriage dashed down the wharf, the driver leaped from his box, and a newly-dressed gentleman-looking man, rather under the medium size, leaped out, grasping a leather valise in one hand, while the other, encased in a yellow kid glove, extended a half-dollar to the driver—

"Conchey, however, indignantly refused the coin, and demanded a dollar for his services."

"A dollar!" said the passenger—"why you have only driven me from the end of Cortlandt street; it's not a five minutes' drive."

"Can't help that, sir," replied the driver, seeing that time was precious. "We always charge a dollar when a gentleman takes his valise inside."

"Take the half-dollar or nothing," said the passenger, his eyes sparkling with anger, as he observed that preparations were making to take in the steamer's gang planks.

The driver made a spring forward, and rudely seized hold of one of the handles of the valise, saying as he did so: "No, yer don't—yer don't take that baggage away till yer pays a dollar!"

The yellow kid glove that was outstretched with the half-dollar closed over it, and in a second the closed fist was delivered in the back-driver's face with a force that dropped him like a shot. The next instant he was on his feet, with clenched fists and eye of dire intent—a strong, rough-looking customer, much heavier than his plucky little antagonist, who had set down his recovered valise, jerked off the short cloak he wore, and, with his shining beaver hat, and kid gloves, as he struck an attitude, rather excited a laugh at his facing such an adversary, with an idea of anything except annihilation at the first onset.

The knight of the whip sprang forward, and aimed a blow which would have "killed his pig," had it taken effect. A slight movement of the head to one side, a quick horizontal extension of the passenger's arm, and down went conchey again, amid the shouts of the sport on the promenade deck, and the delighted exclamation of one, "that was a devilish straight counter hit!"

But jarvey wasn't satisfied—up again—more cautious—he still looked upon his little antagonist with contempt, and was determined to repay, with interest, the damage he sustained. Another rush with the intention of getting in a smashing blow, was encountered in quite a different style. The left foot was slipped aside, a slight dodge to the left, and the hackman's fist went far past its destination, while the arm of his opponent came down directly across the lower part of his neck, whirling him half way round, and bringing his back close up to the left thigh of the little man. There was a momentary struggle—the next time up went the driver's heels in the air, and down he came for the third time, bang! upon the pier, thrown by a movement known among the "fancy" as a "cross-buttock."

"All this passed in less time than it has taken to tell it, and during its performance the steamer's ropes were cast off, and, as the driver fell, the gang planks were drawn in, preparatory to starting. The passenger noticed this; so, seizing his cloak and valise, he threw them upon the boat, and, with a run and a jump, alighted on board amid the outstretched arms of the deckhands, to whom he handed the half-dollar, which he had kept clenched in his hand during the encounter; while, as we stemmed away, his late adversary, with his face badly battered, was seen standing upon the pier, shaking his fist in impotent rage at the fast receding steambot.

"Were you not afraid of so large a man?" asked a gentleman, as the little game cock made his appearance on the promenade-deck among the passengers.

"Oh no, sir," said he, quietly cocking his new hat a little more jauntily, and tightening his gloves, that had been somewhat disarranged—"not at all; I've been to school, gentlemen?"—*Com. Bulletin.*

NEWSPAPER EDITORS.—It would be difficult to compress more in a few words than is found in the following from the Chambers' Journal:

A newspaper editor must, like the poet, be born to his calling. In the majority of instances, no amount of training will fit a person for such a post unless he have a natural taste and aptitude for this description of literary labor; for, although many persons are able to write "leaders," or literary articles, for a newspaper, few can be entrusted with its editorial control, few can scent out the libel which lurks in almost every communication, few can distinguish the report intended to please the speaker instead of informing the nation, and the letters written to serve private interests instead of public ends; still fewer who can tell at a glance the kind of literary or political material which will promote the circulation of a journal—in fact, a good editor's great difficulty is not as to what he should put in, but what he should keep out of his columns.

Successful editors have not been great authors, but men of good common sense, and their good common sense has taught them to write but little themselves, but to read, judge, select, alter and combine the writings of others.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.

FROM ALL PARTS OF VERMONT.

Published and for sale by the subscriber. Every

view is a new and original one. It is also a beautiful

and reliable article for cabinet purposes. Sold

everywhere, at 50 cts. per bottle. Ask for

"Lyon's" Pure Extract. Take no other.

HEIMSTREET'S Inimitable Hair

Coloring is not a dye. All instantaneous

dyes are composed of lunar caustics, and more or

less destroy the vitality and beauty of the hair.

This is the origin of the "Colony," and has been

growing in favor over twenty years. It restores

gray hair to its original color by gradual absorp-

tion, in a most remarkable manner. It is also a

LYON'S EXTRACT OF PURE JAMAICA

Ginger—for Indigestion, Bloating, Heart-

burn, Sick Headache, Cholera Morbus, Flatulency,

&c., &c. A warming stimulant in nervous tan-

tritis, a most reliable article for cabinet purposes.

Sold everywhere, at 50 cts. per bottle. Ask for

"Lyon's" Pure Extract. Take no other.

SARATOGA SPRING WATER, sold by all Druggists.